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THE MODERN SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

A SUBJECT FOR DEBATE.

"You know he married Miss Millions."

"And they do not get along?"

"No. They can't agree about what portion of the wife's income the husband ought to have."

TO SUPPRESS GAMBLING.

THE FOLLOWING amendment is suggested to the laws now on the statute books for the suppression of gambling:

"It shall be the duty of the District Attorney of the County of New York to raid all gambling establishments in the manner following, to wit, that is to say—(These phrases are thrown in to give it a legal air.)

"1st. He shall give two weeks written notice to the proprietor of the establishment, stating the date and the hour at which the raid is to be made.

"2d. At the appointed time he shall go in person to the alleged gambling establishment and ring the bell three times at intervals of not more than five nor less than ten minutes each. (An acute lawyer will probably discover a flaw in this section, but that is what acute lawyers are for; also, what some laws are for.)

"3d. After the door has been opened he shall seize all evidence of gambling and present it to the grand jury.

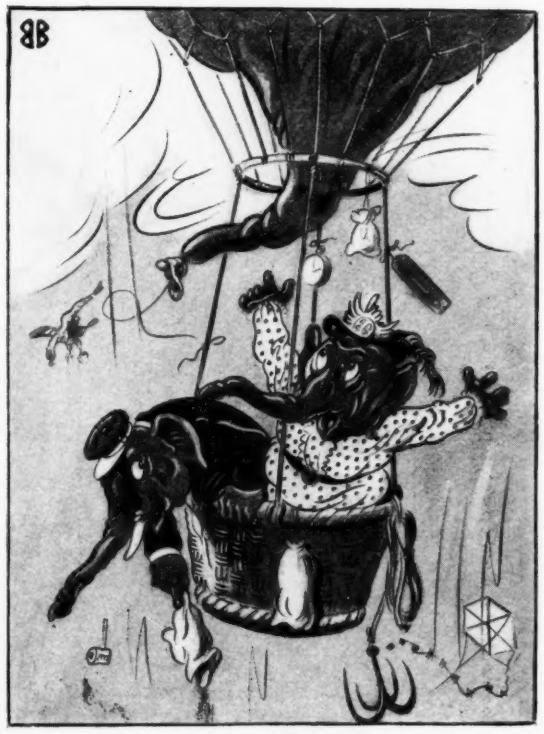
"4th. If the door shall not be opened he shall proceed to the station-house of the precinct, wake up the sergeant at the desk, and get an axe.

"5th. He shall then return to the gambling establishment and ring the bell once more; then, if the door shall not be opened within ten minutes it shall be his duty to force an entrance.

"6th. He shall then cause the arrest of any and all persons found in the place, seize all paraphernalia that may not have been removed and present the evidence to the Grand Jury, in like manner as if the door had been opened by the proprietor voluntarily and with an affable smile.

"7th. Any gambler who shall be convicted after having been arrested by due process of law, as herein described, shall be incarcerated in a lunatic asylum for the remainder of his natural life, being considered and hereby adjudged by the Legislature a chump for allowing himself to be caught in spite of the ample safeguards which the law has endeavored to throw around him.

"This act shall take effect at once." *Wm. E. McKenna.*



HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

MRS. ELEPHANT *(hysterically)*.—Oh, Eli! I wish you would n't be so reckless with the ballast. It just terrifies me to think of going up—up—up—until we strike the sky with a dull thud.

HE HAD A TWINGE.

"I never knew the minister to be so cross! I was positively shocked!"

"Why, what did he say?"

"Why, when I said I could tell him just what to do for his rheumatism, he said he preferred absent treatment!"

EXACTLY.

THE PROFESSOR.—But you have so much to learn!

THE PUPIL.—Well, Professor, that 's why I 'm taking lessons!

AN UP-TO-DATE SHEPHERD.

"Your pastor must be a financier."

"I should say so! Why, he has a scheme to fund the church debt at two-and-a-half per cent., and I believe that some day he 'll capitalize the church and issue common and preferred stock."

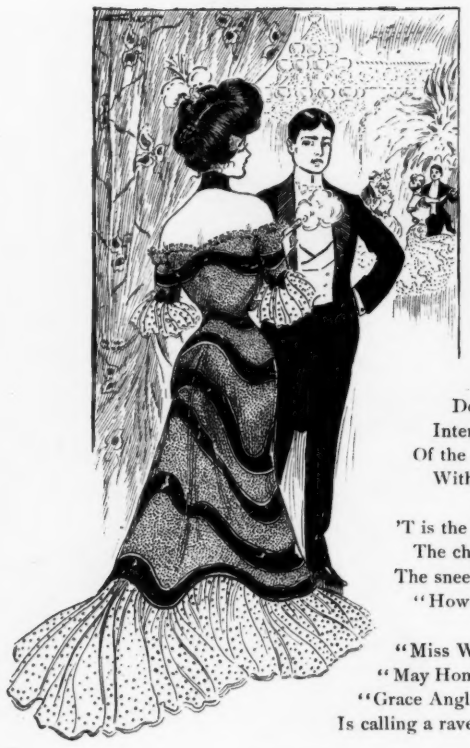
AS TO THE THESPIANS.

"There was very little to the plot of the farce comedy which was produced at the Opera House last night," wrote the dramatic critic of the *Weekly Wasp;* "but we are far from complaining of this. On the contrary, we regard this fact as the redeeming feature of the performance, while the leading comedian was *vice versa.* The soubrette is pretty and rather *chic*, and she has our sympathy for having to travel with such an aggregation. We earnestly assure her that the potato which disarranged her coiffure was really intended for the assistant funny man who, we may state *en passant*, fully deserved it. The other members of the troupe did not fall much below mediocrity."

SOMETIMES the visionary sees things which are really going to happen, and the rest of the time—happy man!—he thinks he does.

There is no greater bluff than most the dignity that we daily run up against.

THE CHARITY BALL.



They 're giving a party this week,
The uppermost crust of Society;
Sometimes, could you hearken them speak,
You 'd deem they were partial to piety.
"For Charity!" — that is their call,
And yet it will be a great rarity
If there be at this charity ball
A thing such as any real charity!

Madam Gay will appear in a gown
All showy and glowy and glimmery;
Madam Ray, to eclipse her renown,
Will be dreamy and gleamy and shimmery.
Do they think (don't imagine it, pray!)
Intent on their fashionable mummery,
Of the comforts for which they might pay
With the gold spent on folly and flummery?

'T is the deification of pride,
The chance for display and disparagement,
The sneer and the covert aside; —
"How much to Miss Backstreet her marriage meant!"
"Miss Worthlittle's fortune 's her face!"
"May Homebody 's here! What a miracle!"
"Grace Angle! — to call that girl 'Grace'
Is calling a raven's croak lyrical!"

The talk will run on in this wise
'Mid frou-frou of lace and of petticoat,
And glances from amorous eyes,
And powder on cheek and on jetty coat,
And I — I shall sit by the wall,
And ponder, with inner hilarity, —
If this is a charity ball,
Then heaven preserve us from charity!

Clinton Scollard

THOSE SOUTHERN DOGS.

Two men stood on a little hill that commanded a fine view of untilled acres and a noble river. One was a New Englander with a practical eye. He was well dressed and prosperous-looking. The other was a rural Southerner, unconscious of his old clothes and happy in his thoughts. Around them were many dogs, playing, jumping, yelping.

"A very lovely country," said the man from the North.

"No better hunting anywhere," said the Southerner.

"That little plateau there would be a good site for a town."

"First-rate partridge shooting," said the Southerner. "My pointers can find a flock for you whenever you want them."

"And just below is a natural harbor, broad and deep—"

"Oh, not too deep! My spaniels don't mind it at all. They bring in everything that 's shot."

"The marsh could be drained—"

"Would n't do. Might scare away the woodcock. I have got some of the best woodcock dogs in the State."

"And the woods back of us. Valuable growth that."

"Full of rabbits—my beagles get tired running after them. And coons, too. I wish you would try my coon dogs some night. It 's great sport, and I will guarantee that you 'll get the coons."

"The whole sweep of the land is inviting — a perfect undulating country."

"Now you are talking. If you want a run after foxes worth your time this is the place. And I 'll lend you my pack. It 's not so fancy as some, but all the dogs are good, steady, lasting runners. They 'll hang on—"

"You ought to make money out of this place, sir."

"I hope to heaven I will."

"And you would invest it in—?"

"First, I 'd buy some dogs I 've had my eye on; and then, maybe, I 'd pay the back taxes."

The New Englander moved sadly away, saying to himself: "What a life! What a life! Here with wealth al around him, he thinks only of dogs."

The Southerner on the hill shook his head with infinite sorrow. "Poor old fellow! He 's got money to burn, and yet he never had a dog!"

Chester Peake.

NOT OF HIS SEEKING.

The Owl.— Hoo! Hoo! Playing hide-and-seek, Mr. Nutcrack?

The Squirrel *(doiefully)*.— No; only hide!

TO PART WITH IT.

Mrs. Solomon *(sight-seeing in Washington)*. — Schoost t'ink, Isidor, der fader of his gountry once t'rowed a tollar acrosdt dot mighty Botomac! Vot a strong arm he musdt haf had!

Solomon. — Strong arm? Nerfe, you mean.

THEIR FUNCTION.

The Non-Combatant.— Huzza! Huzza! 'T is a glorious thing to go to the front!

His Wife.— Ay! But some must stay at home to cheer when the others come back. Huzza! Huzza!

Children and fools speak the truth. The boy who has been stealing jam, etc., is a child, but he is no fool.

A CHILDREN'S STORY.

With Illustrations.

"OH, YES!" giggled the Biggletebogglebiff.

"Really?" retorted the Whimwhatwhichcat.

(Splotch of green and yellow ink.)

Naturally, the uproar wakened the Mimmammommer.

"Umph!" he observed, sourly.

(Splotch of red and blue ink.)

The Plugwashbangtop could stand it no longer.

"What 's the matter with me?" he piped, plaintively.

(Splotch of pink and violet ink.)

As for the Humperdinkydoodoo, he laughed as if to split, while the Ringrantrickerman actually did split, and was known henceforth as the Zigbiggerpoor.

(Large splotch of green, yellow, red, blue, pink and violet ink.)

THE END.

HYMENEAL.

"Something old,
Something new,
Something borrowed,
Something blue."

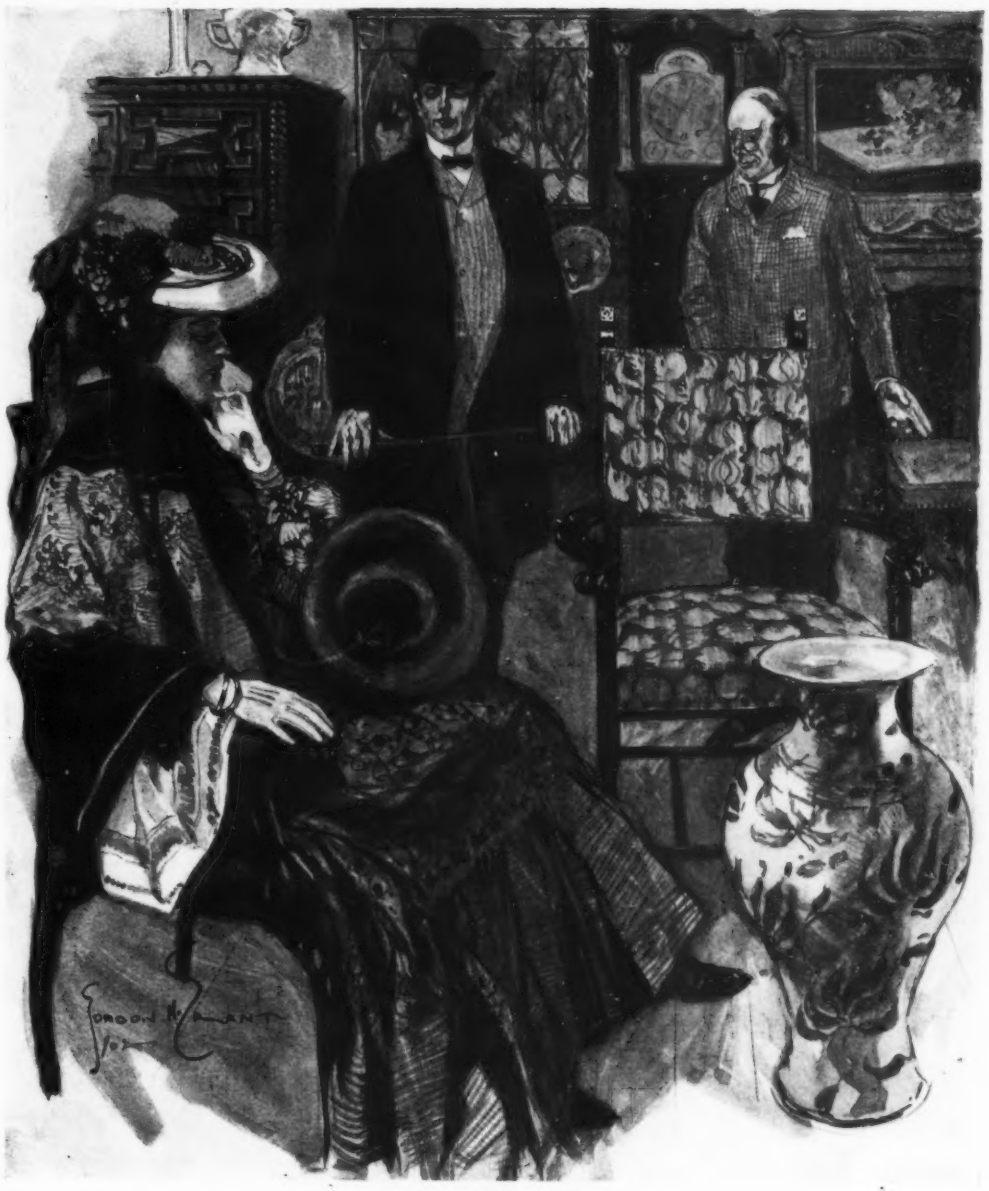
1. It is the old, old story,
2. Her togs are up to date,
3. The funds are borrowed with which
4. Her father pays the freight.

THE NEW HUNTSMAN.

DOLLY.—And you've hunted big game, Mr. Deering? Gracious! It must be awfully dangerous sport.

CHOLLY.—It is, I assuah you! Why, once I photogwaphed a beah that was n't moh than fifty yawds fwom me camewa!

IF A WOMAN ever turns a deaf ear to her mirror telling her she is beautiful, it is probably to see if she does n't look still better in profile.



AN ASSURANCE.

SHE.—I suppose it is a genuine antique?

THE DEALER.—Why, of course it is, Madam! And, besides, it is the very latest thing in antiques!

A FELLOW FEELING.

MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON.—And yet there should be a bond of sympathy between us and the police.

HIS LEADING MAN.—How so?

MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON.—Why, we both have our critics who don't do a thing but roast us.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

MASON MEADOWBROOK.—When I see you with that dog, you remind me of matrimony.
AMY AIKEN.—How?
MASON MEADOWBROOK.—Well, matrimony is said to like contrasts.

In these days literary work consists for the most part in selling what you have written.

PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

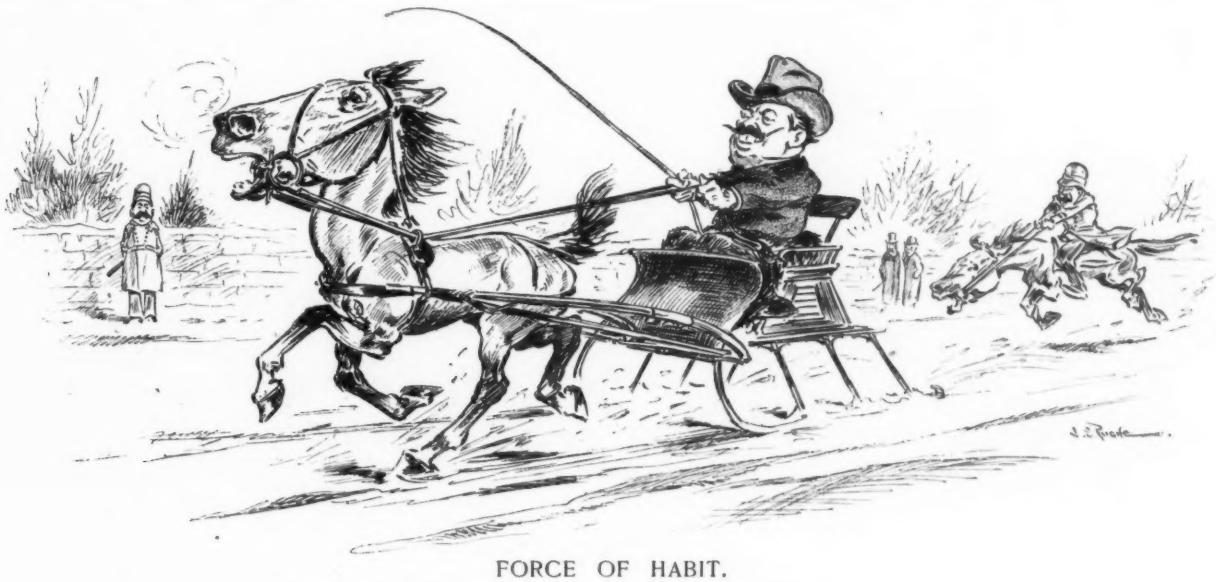
PROTECTION AD ABSURDUM. IT WAS kind, more than kind, of the beet sugar gentlemen. We mean, of course, their consent to Cuban Reciprocity. Now, for the first time, unless all signs fail, we are to see how "plain duty" looks when set in motion. True, the unforeseen may happen. Cuba may "threaten" some other infant industry and in that case, Cuba will have another wait. Still, compared with the Philippines, her outlook is rosy. An ire raising spectacle is that of the Philippine tariff. Reciprocity—soon—for Cuba, trade free as air for Porto Rico; 75 per cent. of Dingley rates for the Philippines. To be sure, there is a bill to reduce them and, amended more or less, it is booked for passage; but even in this, a stiff tariff tax on products most important is rigidly maintained. Why, the zealous protectionist will now explain. It is a pleasant task. We, who control the Philippines, who seek to develop their resources, should be "protected" from our own competition. The American flag, in one part of the globe, is to wage war, commercially, on the American flag in another. Free trade with Porto Rico is right and proper, but free trade with the Philippines, relatively the same to us, is wrong and improper. How logical the protectionist is! To his duty, how devoted! A small thing called consistency does not hamper him at all. A little thing called greed he has in abundance.

LIMITING WAGES BY LAW. ONE of the gifts of this Congress to the next will doubtless be the Eight Hour Bill. It is evidently the desire of the present galaxy to side-step the labor question and adjourn ere Father Gompers or Mother Jones can stop them. Then, beside, there is a growing belief in official circles that the bill does not express Labor's real view, arbitrarily limiting, as it does, the hours of work on government jobs. It is one thing to safeguard a workingman from unreasonable hours or demands on his strength and another thing, vastly different, to restrict his earning capacity. The government allows time and a half for all extra work and men, who labored in the Spanish war rush, have fond recollections of fat pay envelopes. This source of income they are not anxious to lose. Apropos of the whole situation, how much better off would thrifty Labor be, if it had no self appointed guardians to care for it! These foster fathers, who frame eight hour bills and such things, are constant in their cry that the workingman's chance has gone. He has no opportunity, they say, to improve his condition, that boon belonging to a vanished age. Then, with every protest they utter, they make it harder for the ambitious workingman to advance. They limit outputs. They check initiative. They drag the bright and deft down to the level of the dull and shiftless. They plan eight hour bills, so that just so much money and no more may be earned by every man, regardless of his ability or his willingness to work. To do these acts, the guardians of Labor have a perfect right and it is nobody's business but their's and Labor's. Simply this should be borne in mind: that the handicaps, thus imposed by Labor's alleged friends, are responsible, largely, for the conditions they deplore; also, in view of the lamentations over lost opportunity, that it is well to understand, once for all, just who lost it.

THREE SMALL PARAGRAPHS. IN ORDER to merit Heaven in the future, or to be fit to exist there, it is necessary that we begin to make something of the real Heaven here now on earth.—*Andrew Carnegie, in a speech at Carnegie Hall, New York.*

Misfortune seems to follow John Brislin, who is said to be the inventor of the rolling mill feed table, which has proved to be worth millions of dollars. After worrying through the most abject poverty and then, in his old age, when he is deaf, feeble and almost totally blind, receiving a decree of court against the Carnegie Company which would ultimately bring him riches, his hopes are slowly fading. The unfortunate inventor is now reported to be in a precarious condition as the result of being knocked down by a wagon. He is practically heart-broken, because he fears he will be in his grave before wealth begins to come in. Although the patent is worth millions, Brislin never realized a cent out of it.—*New York Times, Pittsburg Special.*

The delegates in visiting the Carnegie Works were told not to take notes or photographs, but what he (Delegate McDonald, London) saw of the workers' condition impelled him to say that if Mr. Carnegie would get the workers' children shod, pave the streets and put windows in some of the houses, he would do more for the good of humanity than in endowing libraries.—*Report of an address, to the London Trades Council, by a Moseley Commissioner.*



FORCE OF HABIT.

THE COP *(on the walk)*.—Offisorr Casey is an absent-moinded mon. He 's thot used t' chasin' auttymobiles, thot Oi 'll bet he 's waitin' f'r the guy in froont ayther t' bust a toire or run short av gasolene!

A QUESTION OF

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.—You 've been fair to the other t

J.OTTMANN LITH.CO.PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TION OF DUTY.

air to the other two. Now, keep faith with this one.

LETTING HIM DOWN EASY.

"You see that sign, don't you?"
"I — I only shot one rabbit!"
"Well, I won't charge you anything for the ones you missed."

FIRST CLASS IN PARESIS.

HERR HUMPH was a valuable man; he could stop when he had said it. He was a fine conversationalist; he said as much as he spoke. One nearly fatal day Herr Humph's wife became possessed of an idea. She purposed to send their only daughter to Madame Lahdedah's fashionable boarding-school for girls. Herr Humph said "Humph" twice. But daughter Gretchen was spirited away by Mother and safely landed at Madame's.

If Herr Humph could have heard them address Gretchen as "Mademoiselle" he would have torn up three hundred feet of side-walk with his teeth. The name suited Gretchen, however. She made splendid progress at the boarding-school. She attained marked distinction in all the fashionable accomplishments. In the Paresis class she particularly excelled. She stood at the head before the young ladies dispersed to their homes for the mid-winter vacation. Her greatest rival was a sweet, petulant, pouty, pensive little iceberg girl from Boston; but Gretchen won out. She was entitled to First Honors. We shall see.

* * *

Herr Humph and his daughter were in converse. He had just inquired why she wished forty-two dollars for postage-stamps. Gretchen was hurt; she wished the money; that should have been sufficient; too great curiosity on the part of a parent is ill-advised.

"Oh, Mon Dieu!" she moaned. "When one is so unhappy one must so suffer; c'est terrible—for one to be so cruelly held to account by one's very own père when one is so anxious! Oh, Mon Dieu! C'est terrible! C'est terrible!"

She burst into tears in French.

It was a critical moment. In husky, tremulous tones the poor old father asked his darling daughter to shut up. She could n't. The curse of Madame's school was upon her.

"One must so suffer, suffer, suffer, souffrir! One must, one must, one must!"

Her grief was fearful to see. As for Herr Humph, he was so unhappy that we shall call his sorrow nameless. Nameless sorrow is a hot variety.

Mademoiselle Gretchen's voice rose to a faultless Society pitch as she shrieked forth the agony of her pure young soul.

"One must! Ah, if one could only know how one shall bear one's woes when one is so misunderstood, when one is—"

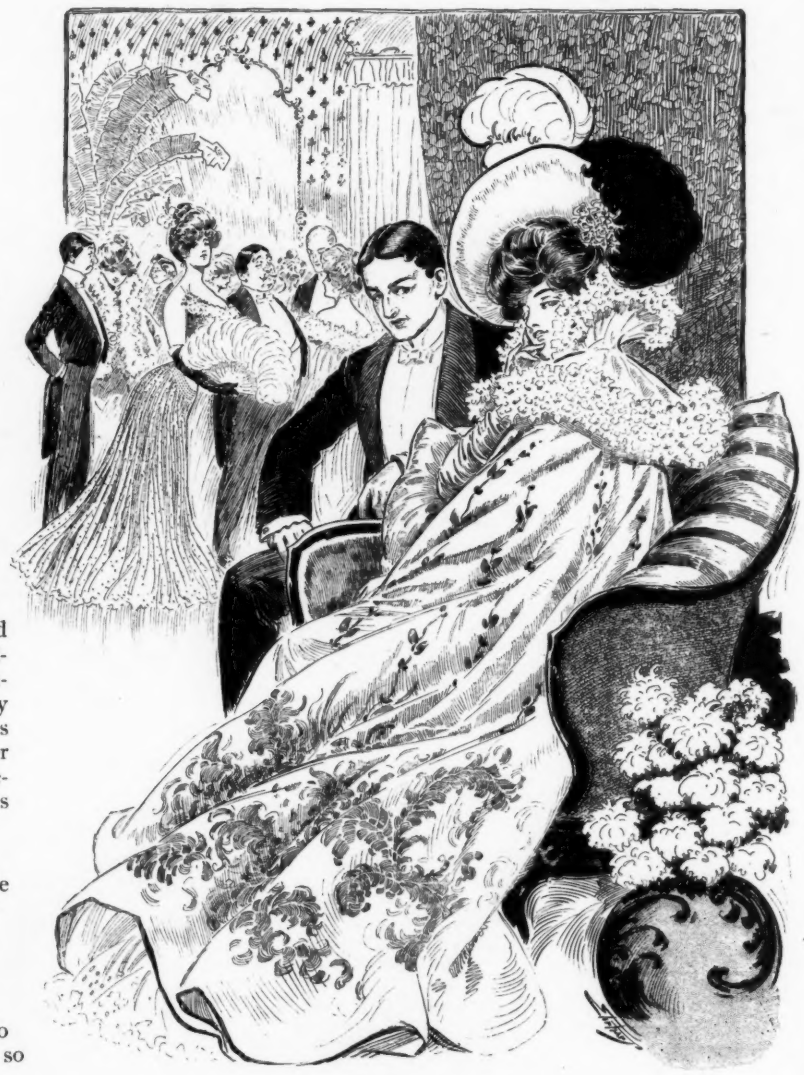
At this point Herr Humph insisted upon speaking. He said "Humph" four times and then talked at length. His speech sounded like a hot mud-storm upon an icy landscape. His sentences came so fast that he barely escaped choking to death when he stopped to breathe. His efforts to stop and not to stop brought on a severe attack of Silver Moon fever. It was weeks before the doctor pronounced Herr Humph out of danger.

* * *

"Gretchen," said Herr Humph, feebly, as she let the light into his room and came over to smooth his pillow the day after their reconciliation,—"Gretchen, what was that 'one must, one shall—one—one—one' business without any two—three—four—five count that you did say to me that made me so sick when you came home from school?"

Gretchen colored. "Oh, mon père," she murmured, "that was what we were taught in the Paresis class!"

Fred. Ladd.

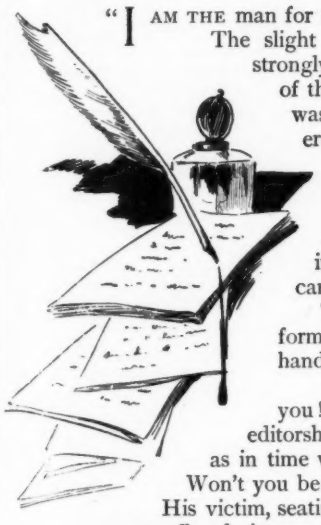


QUESTION.

"The widower is very attentive to her."
"Yes. I wonder if he 'll have nerve enough to tell her she is the only girl he ever loved."

The bad memory often retains what should be quickly forgotten.

HE FAILED.



"I AM THE man for the place!"

The slight and earnest-looking individual whose face strongly suggested the scholar had entered the office of the great steamship line and now, as he spoke, it was plain by his confident bearing, that he considered himself already engaged.

"I have watched with some interest," he observed, "the course of the daily papers published on your ocean steamships, and I have heard that you have had some difficulty in filling the responsible position of editor. I came to apply for the job."

The agent smilingly pointed to a raised platform at one end of the office, and waving his hand in the direction said:

"Ah, my dear sir, I am indeed glad to see you! We welcome each new applicant for the editorship of our ocean paper with much pleasure, as in time we hope to get a good man for the place. Won't you be seated?"

His victim, seating himself as indicated and casually lighting a proffered cigar, continued:

"What you want to conduct your wireless newspaper service is a man who is up to the requirements of modern times. When your passengers, settling down to their ocean voyage, pick up each morning their ocean newspaper, they——"

He moved uneasily as he spoke, but the agent reassured him by a gesture.

"It's all right, sir," he said; "that platform you are sitting on is one of the tests."

"As I was saying," continued the applicant, "they want a sheet that not only gives the news, but does so in the sensational manner they have been accustomed to on dry land. When a man has been fed on yellow journals ashore it is n't right that he should be treated to a bare recital of facts at sea. What 's the matter with this seat, anyway?"

"That platform," explained the agent, "is so arranged as to reproduce the motion of an ocean steamer." The other man had thrown only his cigar.

"Well, sir," he replied, his face now quite pale, "I 'll take another seat, if you will allow me, and continue my narrative."

But the agent pointed to the door.

"Sorry, sir," he replied; "but you won't do. We 're not looking for brains. What we want is an editor with a good all-around stomach."

Tom Masson.

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED.

FARMER BENTOVER.—I seen an item in the *Plaindealer* last night about a prehistoric man being dug up, out West some'rs, that was cackerlated to be about sixteen thousand years old.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Waal, likely as not, the Democrats will be runnin' him for President. Make a pretty good candidate, too; he ain't liable to cut up any in the future, and whatever he may have did in the past has been forgotten by this time.

WE HAVE wireless telegraphy, wireless telephony is promised, and some day, if science continues to advance, we may have wireless politics.

WELL DONE.

"It is true our men are no longer raw recruits."

"Ay, and we have you to thank for that, Captain. Many a time you have roasted us!"

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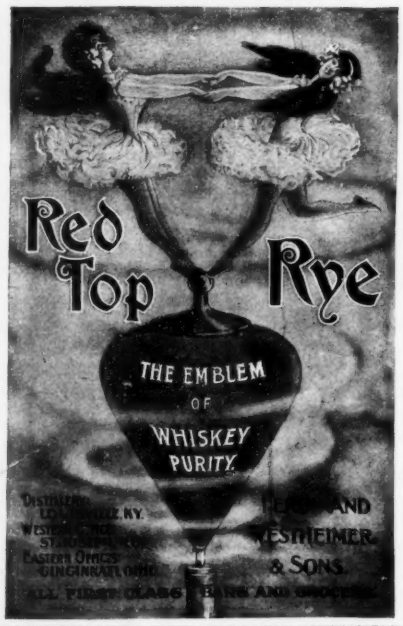

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HIS USUAL BLUFF.

"Listen to that salesman's monotonous cry of 'Cash!' Does n't he ever vary it?"

"Oh, yes; invariably after a foot-ball victory you may hear him shout: ''Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

RESPONSIBILITIES.

"A woman should depend upon her husband."

"That 's what Henrietta thinks," answered Mr. Meekton. "She always depends on me to feed the bird and the cat and see that the basement is locked at night."—*Washington Star.*

AN ABSURD IDEA.

"Great sport, eh?"

"Ain't it? And some folks think it 's dull here in Winter!"

Vigor of mind and strength of body are attendant upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great rejuvenator. At druggists and grocers.

A household word to-day, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*, in which the highest quality possible is maintained.

NUGGETS FROM GEORGIA.

De rainy day is a good time fer a man ter stay home en thank God de bill-collector can't git out.

Folks what all time callin' fer fire in dis worl' will be de very ones what 'll do de loudes' hollerin' fer ice hereafter.

W'en de cow kicks de milk over, stidder beatin' de cow, de wise man turns her out ter graze, en consoles hisse'f by sayin' dat milk ain't healthy, nohow.

Dey calls dis worl' a howlin' wilderness, en yit dey can't lay holt er a man silent enough ter draw a sal'ry in a sideshow!

I don't study 'bout de question er how many days hit took ter make de worl'; de leadin' question wid me is how many days will I be in it?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THERE are people who manage to make their troubles lighter by blaming them all on others.—*Washington Post.*

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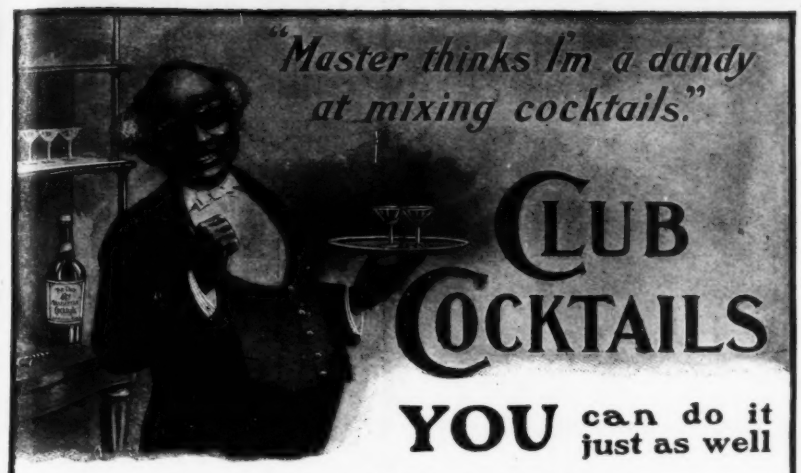

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD — NEW YORK — LONDON

LEARNING SOCIETY WAYS.

CONGRESSMAN WAYBACK.—What do these letters on this card mean?

SECRETARY.—That means that the lady is at the hotel, and would like to have you call.

CONGRESSMAN WAYBACK.—Certainly, certainly, with pleasure, just as soon as I can get ready! Send her my card and mark it P. D. Q.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing! (H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of **24** *pens for* **25 cents**, *from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., New York.

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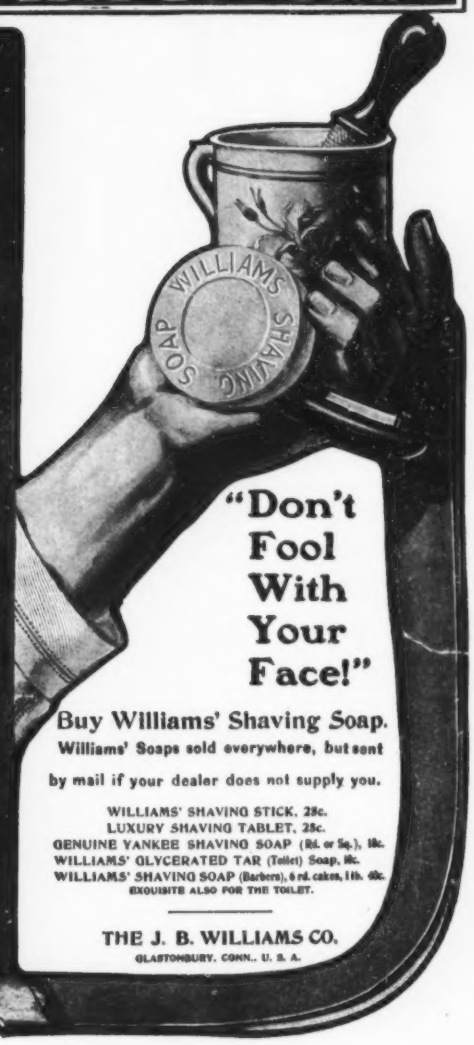
A. C. M'CLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
E. KIMPTON, 48 John St., or TOWER MFG. CO., 306 B'way, N.Y.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

A SHAVING OUTFIT *is never complete without* WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP

You certainly want the greatest possible EASE, COMFORT and SAFETY, in shaving, don't you? Then you must have Williams' Shaving Soap.

Its great, creamy lather softens the beard—is wonderfully soothing, refreshing and healing to the face, and makes shaving "AN EVERY MORNING LUXURY."



"Don't Fool With Your Face!"

Buy Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c.
LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP (Rd. or Sq.), 15c.
WILLIAMS' GLYCERATED TAR (Toilet) Soap, 15c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers), 6 rd. cakes, 1 lb. 60c.
EXQUISITE ALSO FOR THE TOILET.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

MANZ CHICAGO

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,

Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

America is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only **Gold Medal** winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

ALWAYS THE WAY.

BESSIE.—Good Gracious! Tommy, the jam is coming, too!

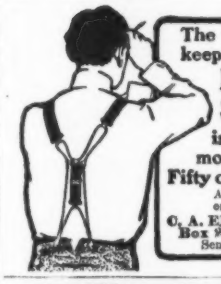
TOMMY (*fiercely*).—'Course it is! Now that I don't want it, I can't get away from it!

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

FOR THE AUDIENCE'S SAKE.

"A delegation waited upon me to-day," said the young playwright, proudly, "with a request about the performance of my new play in the interest of charity."

"Indeed!" said Crittick. "Requested you to stop the performance, eh?"—*Philadelphia Press.*



The why some shopkeepers do not sell President Suspenders is they make more money on imitations. Fifty cents and a dollar.

Ask at favorite shop, or post prepaid from

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 21S-I, Shirley, Mass.

Send 6 cents for catalogue.

Exposition Flyer

Via

"Big Four"

From

Cincinnati

To

St. Louis

Write for Rates and Folders.

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
W. P. Deppe, Ass't Gen'l P. & T. A.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I thought Miss Millions might marry into the nobility. She knows several members of it very well."

"Perhaps that 's why she did n't."

His Objection.

"I wish," said Senator Sorghum, pensively, "that you would refrain from circulating these reports that I am willing to pay for votes."

"Do you deny the charge?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I don't want everybody who might be willing to vote my way free to feel that he is wasting money."—*Washington Star.*

A Serious Affliction.

"Minister made one mistake when he wuz preachin' Bill Bremmer's funeral sermon."

"What was that, Abner?"

"He said Bill allus seen his duty afar off."

"Did n't he?"

"Did n't he! Of course he did n't. Bill wuz the derndest near-sighted feller in the whole township!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

He Knew.

Henpeck.—He 's joined the great silent army.

Henrietta.—When did he die?

Henpeck.—He did n't die; he got married.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Still Piling It Up.

One plutercrat is fearful lest
He 'll die too rich, they say.
No doubt he 's like most sich, an' jest
Prefers to live that way.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Wonderful American process of trade-reconstruction is strikingly illustrated by

Evans Ale

The reform in the ale industry dates from the time Evans began BOTTLING at the brewery.
All Restaurants and Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS. Founded 1786.
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, N. Y.

Hunter Whiskey

Stands alone, singled out for superiority.
Only one can be best and it is this superb product of the still.

It is

Unique, Uniform, Inimitable

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"Mother, where are the little red spots you had on your face?"
"Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume Soap have taken them all away."

SULPHUME, a chemical solution of Pure Sulphur, when taken internally and applied as a lotion will cure dandruff or any skin disease. Price $1.

SULPHUME SOAP stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed soap, 25c. a cake; Unperfumed, 15c. a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

SULPHUME SHAVING SOAP is the perfection of soaps for shaving. It is a perfect antiseptic, prevents rash breaking out, cures and prevents all contagious skin diseases, gives a creamy lather and is soothing to the skin.

SULPHUME BOOK on care of the skin free.

M. A. Bias Be sure this signature is on each package of Sulphume Preparations, otherwise it is not genuine.

SULPHUME CHEMICAL CO., Suite 107, 337 Broadway, New York.
Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

DR. SIEGERT & SONS WIN CASE.

Granted Exclusive Right to Word "Angostura" for Their Bitters.

A decision has been handed down by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit in the case of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons vs. A. Bauer & Company, a corporation, affirming the decree of the United States Circuit Court, Northern District of Illinois, which granted to the complainants, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, the exclusive right to the use of the word "Angostura" in connection with bitters.

ABOUT 75% OF THE MEN

in mercantile and professional life owe something of their success to personal appearance. The leisure class owes still more to the same cause. The few genuine geniuses succeed in spite of it. Personal appearance is largely a matter of dress. Dress is largely a matter of the Cravat. This was understood by some as far back as the days of Beau Brummel, but it is only the later section of the present generation of men who have fully grasped it. The well-groomed man of today, even when he must economize on other articles of apparel, buys ten Cravats where his daddy bought one.

There is a 36-page text-book called "THE CRAVAT." It tells of the What, Where, When and How of a Man's Cravat—Its Names and Shapes, Its Tying, Its Care, Its Selection, Its Various Forms for Special Occasions and Functions, Its Color Scheme, Its Adjuncts: Pins, Fasteners, Etc., Its Dont's, in fact,

All About A Man's Cravat.

It is profusely and sumptuously illustrated by one of the foremost artists of America. The first edition cost the publishers over $15,000, but you can have a copy for the asking, by sending this Adv't with your address and 6 cents in stamps to the Publisher, James R. Keiser, 122-124 Fifth Avenue, New York. If you prefer a bound copy, de Luxe edition, send 15 cents in stamps.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

P. D. Armour

Head of the great Armour Packing Company, Chicago, Ill. (in a personal letter to Dr. Keely), said:

I have sent about two hundred of my employees, from butchers to foremen, and all have been permanently cured. I do not think there is any one thing, or any one man, who ever did the good to humanity that you are doing with your cure.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

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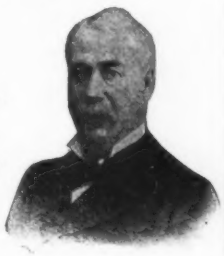

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Dress Goods.

New Spring and Summer High-class Dress Materials

Cloths.

Scotch Homespuns, Cheviots and English Mohair for Tailor-made Gowns.

Novelties in Thin Fabrics.
French Challies,
Silk and Wool Bareges.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK

"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "talks so much dat dey can't think o' nuffin' wuf sayin' on account o' deir own disturbance."—*Washington Star.*

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Levy, Strauss, &c. Lowest prices. Fine Catalog. 1000 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 14 Adams St., Chicago.

EVERYBODY STANDS.

"Wow! Ugh!" grunted the unfortunate old man. He had walked into the square to hear the band play, but he trod upon a banana skin, and came down hard.

"Say! Grandpap," cried Muggsy, the newsboy, "ain't yer got no more patriotism than ter set down w'en de band 's playin' 'America?'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

A SARCASTIC WAITER.

"Blinkensoap had a narrow escape at the yacht club restaurant yesterday."

"How was that?"

"He found a tack in his hashed brown potatoes."

"That was appropriate. What did the waiter say?"

"He sniffed and asked him if he expected to find marlinspikes."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THREE FORMIDABLE FOES.

THE BEAR.—Poor Lo! When a man 's up against a snake, a bear and a bottle, there is n't much show for him!

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

FOR SALE

PUCK'S ORIGINALS

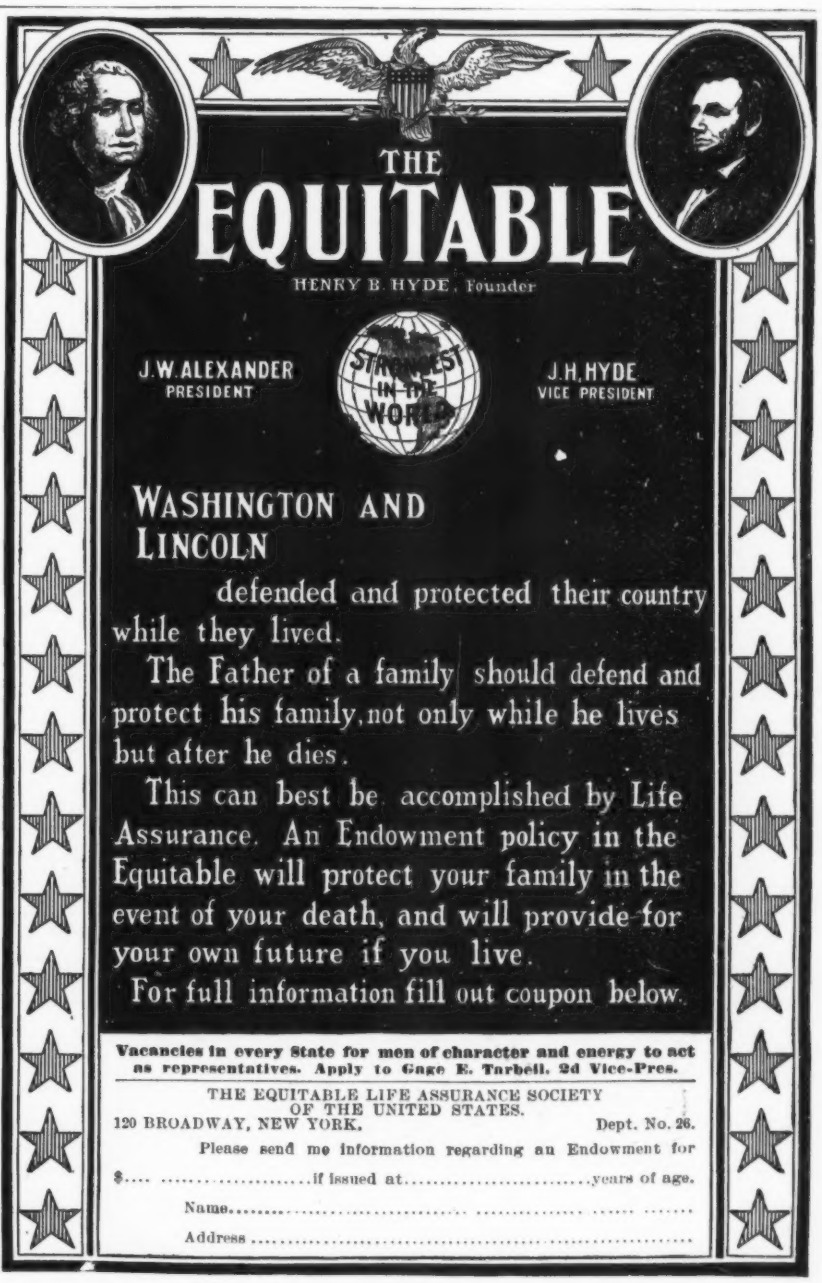
FOR SALE

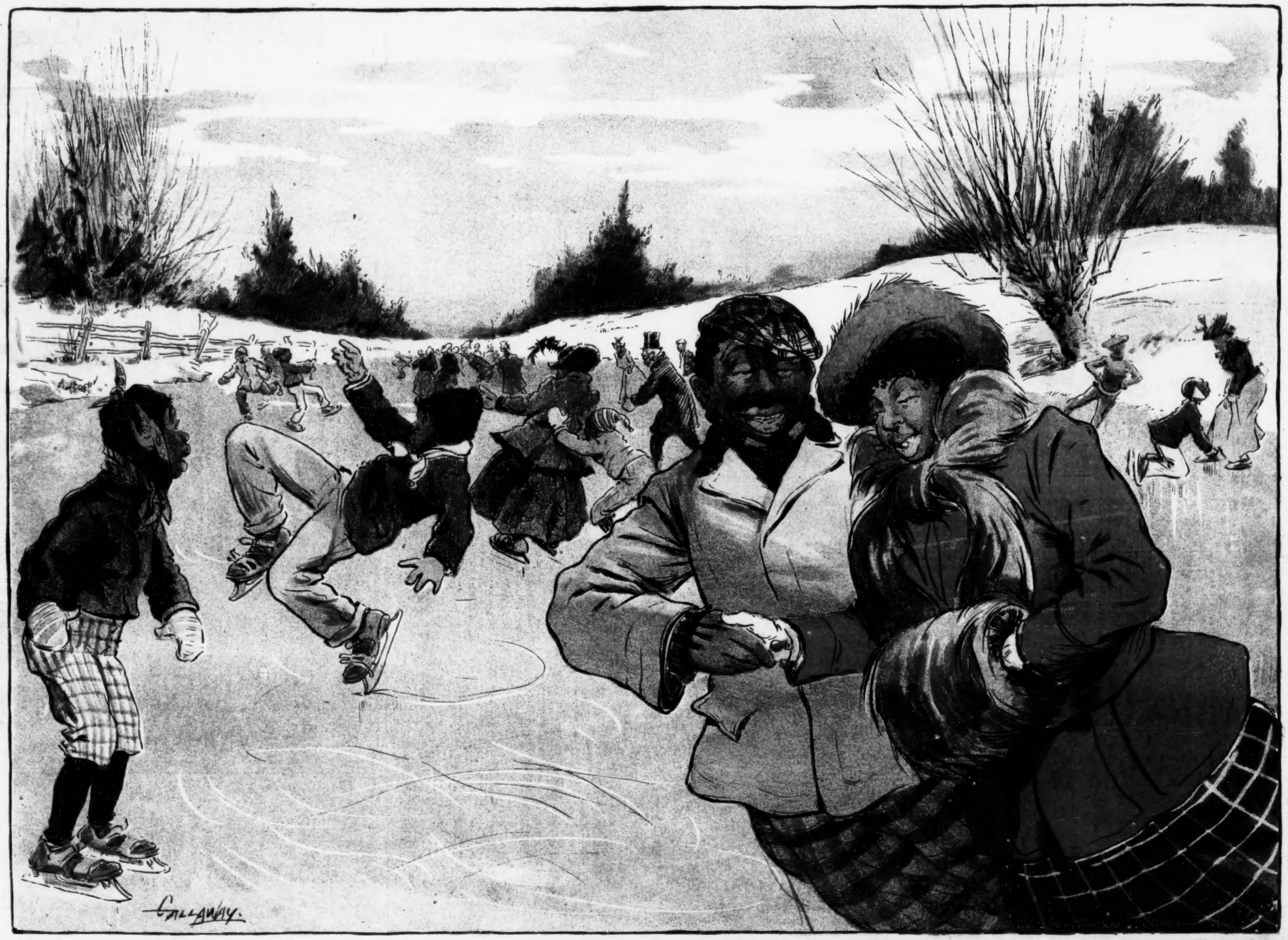
IN response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen and ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charge to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

NO NEED OF RELIGION.

MISS COOPAH.—How is it, Mistah Butlah, dat I never sees youh at de prayah meetins?
MR. BUTLER.—What use has I got fo prayah meetins?
MISS COOPAH.—Don't you nebber pray?
MR. BUTLER.—No, indeedy! I ca'ys a rabbit's foot!